SPECIAL SUMMER VACATION NUMBER

The Negro Needs EDUCATION

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Pupils of the Carmen Sheppard School of Music — Story on Page Seven

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PERSONAL

By H. S. McFARLAND

We spoke; conversed; our words have flown
To whither knew we not, and cared not less;
Our hearts alone were true and did confess
A love that thru the long, long years has grown
Unnoticed. We have toyed with that love
In every way, and played it for a song.
We would deceive ourselves; we'd clothe our thoughts
In idle words to justify the wrong.
Alas! what now? can we keep back the flood
That to this time Convention held at bay?
Can we restrain the rush of crimson blood
That sets on edge each nervous current in its way?
Can we continue in this misery—
Deny that love when now it's plain to see?

EDITORIALS

• • •

"PRODUCE THE GOODS YOU ADVERTISE"

The technical advisor to this organization and critic of EDUCATION is sadly disappointed with the management of affairs. In his quarterly report just received, he lamented the fact that the magazine was so mediocre; that after three months of continuous effort there doesn't seem to be hardly any appreciable sign of improvement. Under the caption "Produce the goods you advertise," he said that most of our Feature Articles were "well written . . . but not in tune with our avowed policy;" that local "news items" figured too prominently; that the "Jekyll and Hyde" poems appearing from month to month were to the "greater glory" of the author, but no compliment to EDUCATION. And this department came in for a goodly admonition too. The editorial, "Communism" (see June number) explaining the weaknesses of the Communist system of government and extolling the virtues of the Capitalist system drew "excellent" from his pen; while "Capitalism" (see same number) — a mild but positive warning to that system — evoked only "bad taste". Finally our advisor and critic wound up, after a survey of the "ads," by asking, "and where is the undertaker's ad?"

We are not disappointed; we are heart-broken. For to be disillusioned just when one feels like Mrs. Astor's pet horse, is indeed, enough to bring on hydrocephalus. Most likely our mentor has a misconception of our avowed policy.

While our intention is to ultimately sell to the public the supreme in quality at the very lowest possible cost, no one is more conscious of our short-comings, due to inexorable conditions, than we. Such conditions cannot be violated with impugnity. Moreover, if we expect to remain loyal to ourselves and helpful and true to the public, we cannot be synthetic. Rushing evolution or departing from the path of tradition as a means to obtain a desired end is a risk this institution is not prepared to take. Education, as we conceive it and as we explained in our very first number, is "general knowledge systematically acquired and intelligently expended." Whatever, therefore, will beneficially add to one's experience is, in our opinion, educational. Our Colleges and Universities are scientific institutions of beneficial experiences. We aim to be as scientific as is coexistent with the best.

JUNE AND GRADUATION

With the graduation of thousands of our young men and women from College, one of the most pertinent questions asked is: "What are they going to do?" The answer is, as always was — work.

We take the opportunity, believing there could be no better time, to point out that this age of replacement of manpower by machinepower calls for efficiency in the superlative degree for the few jobs remaining to the command of man. Soon, a condition will be created where unskilled labor will be unknown. People may rebel and those choosing a life of retirement and a government of oblivion — drifting back to barbarism — will be at liberty to do so. But this *progress* where CIVILIZATION is master will need the best, with a stamina of diamond, to endure. We Negroes are aware of the advent of this Paradise and are proud in the knowledge of our preparation to meet same.

EDUCATION IN BUSINESS

By C. AUGUSTIN PETIONI, M. D.

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One of the most pressing needs of the colored man in the City of New York is education in business. Already we can be said to have a sufficient number of the professional classes to take care of all the needs of the colored group. We have an overabundant supply of unskilled labor of all kinds but in business there is a lamentable insufficiency.

It is to be borne in mind that the index of importance of a group, race or nation, is the commercial activity of its members. No race or group can progress or flourish, with only an academic education or one directed to the cultivation of the soil. No race or group can get anywhere in the esteem of the world unless it has control of the commercial activities of the people. When a country or racegroup allows aliens or foreigners to control their business then they place their destiny into the hands of others.

It is of no moment whether the race has a large number of educated men. It is of no avail that there are varied products and that there is great industry among the group. So long as the production as well as the disposal of the fruits of that activity is left to others, so long will that race or group remain poor and downtrodden.

Here in New York City, there are found more than 300,000 persons included in the group called colored. The vast majority of them are laborers. They, especially in time of prosperity, earn quite a respectable sum of money. They accordingly spend a proportionate sum for their daily needs, yet the amount of business of a commercial nature conducted by them is almost negligible. For their food, clothing, and their main pleasures they are totally dependent either upon the foreigner or the members of the other race group.

It has to be admitted here that this sad state of affairs is not confined to the members of our group exclusively. The other native group suffers also because of the activities of the foreign and immigrant group. But that is no excuse for those who, having the possibilities and means to seize the business activities of the community control them effectively, allow others to enter into their domain and wax rich and powerful at their expense. Naturally such aliens can think only with disparagement of those upon whom they prey and make a comfortable living. Small wonder that they regard the members of the group with prejudice and contempt. That is the way with humanity. The brainy man who lives at the expense of others invariably showers contempt and ridicule upon those who provide him with the means of his very livelihood.

The schools in this country, especially those which control the education of our race group seem almost purposely to neglect this phase of our life. The professors, themselves untrained properly in this respect can hardly be expected to train their pupils to take their places in the business world when they themselves have, in general, nothing more than a theoretical knowledge of business. Our men and women are not given sufficient opportunity by the members of the other group to enter into the business field. They realize that colored men trained in business will be the greatest competitors with whom they have to deal, so it is seen to that the avenues of business and trade are restricted so far as it is possible for them to do. It behoves us, therefore, to organize ourselves into associations, schools and other combinations, for the purpose of removing this disability which is now becoming a serious reflection upon the intelligence of the group as a whole.

In order to accomplish this it will be necessary to change or rather modify the psychology of the race group. Today, too much stress is placed upon the possession of money — actual money. Too much thought is expended in devising means of making money easily and without too much risk and mental effort. Too much effort is directed towards the securing of some kind of job regardless of its nature so long as it enables one to earn sufficient to spend in order to meet his general wants. In order to secure such jobs our men—and it is regrettable to relate—generally demean themselves, sell their souls and consciences, and betray their relatives and other members of their race. Such a mental attitude will have to be transformed, and more desirable points of view adopted if we are ever to hold our own in this community.

Men who spend their lives working for others never command dthe respect of the world. Men who are perpetual "hewers of wood, and drawers of water," never get anywhere and achieve any position which will arouse the admiration of the world. Men who are economic slaves, "Servants of the Centurion," never contribute much to their own aggrandisement or the progress of the race.

It has often been said by modern economists, that wage earners and salaried individuals, can never, by that means alone become rich and powerful. Somehow there is something in their outlook and condition which seems to inhibit enterprise and daring. Without enterprise and daring no group or nation can hold its place in the sun. There will always be others to dominate and control their activities.

The psychology of a perpetual servant of worker becomes some time fixed. Continual service for others leaves retention traces in one's mentality which after some years tend to fix his mental status and paralyses all ideas of individual aggressiveness.

In this community we see all manner of men, whether professional or unskilled, whether lettered or ignorant, doing their utmost to secure some employment which will provide for their economic security. This in my opinion is but slave psychology. This is but the result of the centuries of slavery and oppression through which the group had to pass. In those times, regardless of the aduousness or otherwise of their labors, the slave was given at least some meed of economic security even though it had the effect of dementalizing and embruting him. Naturally it tended to demoralize the slave and undermine his feeling for and desire of attaining independence. So today the race is reaping the reward of this educational process. We find ourselves in this poor position where there are no avenues for making legitimate money in business. Without this, as has already been stated, there can be no question that the race will have to remain not only as a minority but as a poor and parasitic group, the scorn and contempt of all thinking races and people.

The task is up to our leaders. At present the vast number of our so-called leaders are employes of the other group. The vast number of these men, regardless of their social antecedents and education, do all in their powers to preserve their positions. In most cases this is done at the expense of the race. This is done even with the knowledge that much of what they do will be detrimental to the progress and morale

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ON WEST INDIAN COLONIZATION IN BRITISH GUIANA

By A. M. WENDELL MALLIET

President and Managing Director of the

WEST INDIAN COMMUNITIES' DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE

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The important problem which confronts millions of people in many parts of the world is that of securing the bare necessities to sustain life. Like our Stone Age ancestors, our primary quest today is for food, clothing and shelter. West Indians at home and abroad share this common fate.

Ever since the destruction of the sugar industry in the West Indian colonies, and the importation of East Indian, "coolie", labour to compete with native labour, large numbers of our people have been forced to seek employment at a living wage in foreign countries. Happily for us, the construction of the Panama Canal, the banana industry in Costa Rica and other Central American countries, the Great War which created an unprecedented demand for Cuban sugar and stimulated the industrial development of the United States of America, offered unusual and profitable opportunities to our people, who were quick to grasp them. But as should have been expected, a day of reckoning has come. The world is in the throes of economic and political chaos. We, West Indians, have reached a dead end! We can advance no farther in foreign countries! Must we again remain where we now are and suffer want and misery, with a progressive breaking of our morale, weakening of our character, losing hope, and, in the end, dying like dogs in a foreign country?

Are Relief Cheques an adequate solution of our problems? Can we and our children subsist on $55.00 or $60.00 per month, charity from a well-meaning Government? If the appalling conditions which are now part and parcel of our lives, were only temporary as many misguided "sooth-sayers" would have us believe, I should certainly counsel you to wait patiently, because in the words of a great sage and prophet "prosperity is just around the corner." But candor, and the knowledge gained from a study of the conditions of the day, compel me to say: I see no improvement in conditions in this country and those foreign countries where our people are unemployed, and from which many thousands have been deported. And with the voiding of NRA by the U. S. Supreme Court, it seems that New Deal efforts to keep the country going by artificial means have been blocked.

The Depression is world-wide and its consequences are manifest in the privation and suffering of our people everywhere. In the United States, the Negro is the submerged tenth of the population, which is the first to be "fired" in times of economic stress and the last to be hired when conditions improve. Our people comprise the lowest income group in the country, and with an unemployment problem affecting more than twelve million people, which shows no sign of a downward trend, our future welfare may quite reasonably cause us grave concern. The saturation point in machine production in present-day America has been reached. The problem of the distribution of the Country's wealth has not been solved. A true picture of the situation is seen in the destruction of food-stuff in many parts of the country; the restriction of corn and hog production and the plowing under of cotton, while millions starve and go without clothing. In Cuba, after thousands of West Indians have been repatriated, there are still 65,000 Jamaicans who face deportation. In Panama, Costa Rica, Honduras, and the Dominican Republic the plight of our people is lamentable. In Barbados, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Kitts-Nevis, St. Lucia, and the British Virgin Islands conditions are hardly better. In Bermuda and the Bahamas the very life of the black population is being crushed out. In Bermuda it was recently proposed that large sections of the population should be sterilized and rendered unfit to reproduce the race!

What of the future? Wise and thoughtful leadership should attempt to find a way out of our overwhelming difficulties. We answer by proposing a resettlement of population: Removing West Indians who are in distress and unemployed in foreign countries, and those in over-populated areas in the West Indies, such as Jamaica and Barbados, to a country that is sparsely populated. *We propose that the British and Colonial Governments undertake to finance the colonization and settlement of British West Indians in the Colony of British Guiana.* Pages could be written on the wealth of this great colony, but as this is the first of a series of articles dealing with our proposal, we will pass on with running comment on the Colony. British Guiana is approximately 90,000 square miles, the size of England, Scotland and Wales, with a population of only 310,000 souls. If we take the area and population of England, Scotland and Wales as a standard of comparison, we find that there is room in British Guiana for more than 15,000,000 people. The colony is healthy, the climate delightful, the Country free from tidal waves, hurricanes, cyclones and earthquakes. It is one of the richest spots in the world! It produces gold, diamonds, beauxite, the product out of which aluminum is made, platinum, silver, copper, graphite, and many other kinds of mineral resources of great value. The colony produces rice and sugar, tobacco grows wild; possibilities of the citrus industry are beyond the reaches of our imagination; and the timber resources of the colony are vast and rich, and only awaiting exploitation.

The WEST INDIAN COMMUNITIES' DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE was organized to unite West Indians at home and abroad with a view to making proper representations to the British and Colonial Governments in the matter of the colonization and settlement of West Indians in the Colony. Such a request is not an unreasonable one. Great Britain has been making large grants to other parts of the Empire for development, but for some reason or other the West Indian colonies have invariably been overlooked.

There are outstanding examples of Grants-in-Aid to many sections of the Colonial Empire. The British Government has assumed full financial responsibility for the national indebtedness of New Foundland, which went bankrupt as a result of political corruption and mis-government. There is also a project to people and develop tropical Northern Australia at an expenditure of over £200,000,000; and the Imperial Government has only recently guaranteed a loan of £2,000,000 to provide for the resettlement of Arabs and the completion of important public works schemes in Palestine. There is

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LIFE ON A PLANTATION

(A SHORT STORY)

By ROBERT L. GRAVES

• • •

The Maxwell Hinkins plantation is one of the largest and most prosperous in the entire Southland. Its thousands of acres of rich, fertile soil stretch for miles across the Stone of Alabama. High on a sloping hill in the midst of this vast area stands the Hinkins mansion—a beautiful and pretentious white structure with a wide veranda, supported by massive columns. Maxwell Hinkins, one of the most prominent citizens of the community (and one of the wealthiest) had he so desired, could easily have become a leading politician; but he chose to live quietly in his great house of twenty rooms with his family and five servants, and personally supervise his plantation—ascertaining in his shrewd and calculating way that he received every pound of cotton, peanuts and every ear of corn that was his share of the tenants' labor.

The houses of the colored tenants dot the fields at intervals—crude, unpainted and very small—contradistinctive in every detail to the magnificent house on the hill. Jim Akers had lived on the Hinkins plantation for twenty years. His house though crudely constructed as those of the other tenants, stood in bold contrast to them. It was not because of any favoritism on the part of Maxwell Hinkins that the walls of his dwelling were smoothly whitewashed; the sparsely furnished four rooms spotlessly clean, or that young Bill Akers hadn't missed a day out of school since the first grade. Jim Akers had married a girl that was thrifty and ambitious—far more so than he. Many times Sally (Jim's wife) had been forced to remonstrate with him before he had acted in a satisfactory manner. For instance, the time when Jim had whitewashed the house. It was in the fall of the year and the crops had been ploughed for the last time. Sally knew that for a week there would be a lull in routine work, so she had broached the matter to Jim in a discreet way. Jim had protested violently: "This ain't no time to be foolin' with no house, Sally. 'Sides ain't nobody else doin' it; how come I is? On top o' that, maybe Mr. Hinkins won't like it." Sally had taken Bill, who was eight years old at the time, by the hand, and glowering at Jim malevolently, had said scornfully: "Well, if you is too lazy to do it, I'll take Billy an' do it myself." Jim had calmly given over after that, as he always did eventually. As the years rolled by he found himself acceding to Sally's requests with a less marked degree of stubbornness and resistance, realizing the value of her womanly intuitiveness.

Jim was sitting in the shade of a large oak tree complacently smoking his old corn-cob pipe. It was mid-August and a very hot day. Bill was entering the yard with a load of straw for the horses' stalls. Jim smiled at him approvingly as he drove up.

"Some big load you got there, son. Reckon that'll be 'nough fo' both hosses," said Jim.

"Well if it isn't, I can get another load before night," Bill returned lightly, jumping from the cart and dusting his clothes.

"Tha's a plenty, son. You kin stop fo' today now. I'll put it in the stalls."

"O. K., dad. I'll go in and see if I can help mother to do anything."

Jim stood regarding his son in mute admiration as the boy strode toward the house. Bill had graduated from High School in June and now they were sending him off to College. No longer did Sally have to insist upon Bill's education. Jim was for it one hundred per cent.

"Jes' seventeen, done finish High School at the head o' his class, an' now goin' to College," Jim murmured softly to himself, with a far away look in his eyes. "Some boy, that Bill."

The night preceding Bill's departure, their neighbors, tenants Samuel and Mary Brown and their seventeen year old daughter, Laura, called upon the Akers.

Sam Brown was the oldest tenant on the plantation. Thirty years he had tilled the soil on Maxwell Hinkins' plantation. His two oldest boys were married and tenants in their own rights. Sixty years old, bronzed, gray haired and hale for his years, Sam expressed his opinion about Bill's education depreciatingly as he sucked at his pipe.

"I feels you is makin' a mistake, Jim," he began, eyeing the younger man gravely. "You got two hosses an' ground fo' two hosses to work. If you lets youah boy go 'way how's you goin' to work youah land?"

"We'll get along awright," Sally vouched as Jim appeared hesitant.

"I been here a long time an' now my two boys has farms o' they own . . ."

"You means they is farmin' on half on Maxwell Hinkins' land," Sally corrected him.

"Sayin' they is—that's better'n spendin' evahthing you has fo' schoolin'. They's makin' a honest living," Sam growled, scowling heavily. "I was thinking," he said after a brief silence, "that if Bill was to marry some nice girl, he could take over the house an' land that John Slade is got now. Slade's leavin' after this year."

"Bill is goin' to College," Jim said firmly.

Sally knew now that the suspicions which she had harbored concerning the Browns were verified. Sam Brown was trying to give them the idea of persuading Bill to marry Laura. The very thought of it made her angry. She looked at Laura who was busily engaged staring into space, a vacant expression upon her comely features. She had dropped out of school in the fourth grade for no reason at all.

"Mr. Brown," she snapped, we been here for twenty years workin' Hinkins' land 'cause we had to; but we ain't got no intentions o' keepin' ouah boy here. If it take evah cent we kin make, beg an' borrow, we is goin' to see that he finishes College. An' as fo' his marryin', that is strictly his business; but when he do, I sho hopes he marries a girl that is finished High School if no more."

Sally's remarks apparently struck with telling force. Sam Brown jumped to his feet indignantly and ordered his wife and daughter to leave the house. Turning wrathfully on Sally, he snorted:

"You ain't got to throw off talk about my daughter, Sally Aker. I ain't said Bill ought to marry her; I said 'some girl'."

"And I ain't called Laura's name, Mr. Brown," Sally said composedly; "I said 'some girl that is finished High School'."

"It ain't none o' my business, but when you all finds out the mistake you is makin', don't say I didn't tell you better; an' don't come runnin' to me fo' no help," Sam yelled, and pounded angrily out of doors.

Bill came in a few minutes later. He had been into town saying good-bye to former classmates, and buying a few necessary articles. Noticing the glum look on his father's face, he asked anxiously: "What's the matter, dad?"

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DR. CHAS. A. PETIONI ON VACATION

Among those on vacation is Dr. Charles A. Petioni, physician and surgeon, well known in the Educational and Sociological circles of this community. He returned to his native land, Trinidad, B. W. I., a few days ago. While there, Dr. Petioni will pursue Sociological and Economic studies. An active member of many welfare groups, the Doctor is also Vice-President of the Caribbean Union and a valued contributor of this periodical. He expects to be away about six or eight weeks.

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FOR THE VISITOR TO NEW YORK

Places of Interest

Aquarium: This building was erected in 1807 as a fort. It was then called "West Battery." In 1855 it became a leading place for immigrants. It now contains the most complete display of marine specimens in the world. Take elevated or subway trains to South Ferry.

Ellis Island: Open to visitors from 10 A.M. to 3 P.M. except on Sundays and Holidays. Immigrants entering New York by ships must first be examined here before being admitted. Boats leave South Ferry every hour for this "Gateway to the U.S.A."

Battery Park: While you are at this Lower end of Manhattan, visit the once fashionable residential district of our city.

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COUPLE O' LAUGHS

Boss: Joe Louis won the fight with the ox, and now he's got a contract to fight the bear.

Bill: Ain't that somp'n. That man wouldn't fight nuttin' but wild animals.

Pete: (In reference to a specimen in an aquarium) Ain't that a funny lookin' fish!

Sweet: You ever seen yourself in a mirror.

Prospective Buyer: (To newsstand dealer) Have you EDUCATION?

Newsstand Dealer: Not much, madam. I did not graduate from grade school.

JOHN DOE

Says

When drowning, you can find no comfort from the water. On terra firma, however, you may enjoy a beautiful sunset on the lake with much satisfaction.

• • •

Seasons are not stationary; they come and go. So are Fate and Fortune.

• • •

The dew, like the rain, refreshes the flowers; but no one sees the dew when it falls.

• • •

The parasite lives off its victim. If the victim does not object, why should the parasite?

• • •

Enemies are the best of friends. They, at least, know what is in each other's heart.

• • •

If you must be a snake, be a rattler; rattle before you strike.

AND

a:cording to Samuel Smiles

The valiant good man is he who, by the resolute exercise of his free-will, has so disciplined himself as to have acquired the habit of virtue; as the bad man is he who, by allowing his free-will to remain inactive, and giving the bridle to his desires and passions, has acquired the habit of vice, by which he becomes, at last, bound as by chains of iron.

A man can only achieve strength of purpose by the action of his own free-will. If he is to stand erect, it must be by his own efforts; for he cannot be kept propped up by the help of others. He is master of himself and of his actions. He can avoid falsehood and be truthful; he can shun sensualism, and be continent; he can turn aside from doing a cruel thing, and be benevolent and forgiving. All these lie within the sphere of individual efforts, and come within the range of self-discipline. And it depends upon men themselves whether in these respects they will be free, pure, and good, on the one hand; or enslaved, impure, and miserable, on the other.

WHEN I CAME

By H. S. McFarland

• • •

'Twas well with thee and thine, Beloved,
True sense of fragrance, unity and song
Blessed as was thee and thine, the Wrong
Was loth to enter as thy lovest.
But in that stroll, the first and last we had together,
The distance fled beneath our tireless feet,
And in the woodland thou didst see (or was it I?)
The beauty of the stream that runneth by,
Whose'er it was — thee or I — the blame
Was in the moment
When I came.

Thou in thy youth and lily-cloth thy dress;
Thy hair in tails, nor yet dressed by design;
And, ah! thy lips! the sign
Of moisture lingering there — 'twas passion's call I must confess.
For love was yet unborn—
Impressed me so; the kiss (was it stolen?)
Gave murmur to a cry — the flame
Was lit and love was born
When I came.

And as the greensward near, inviting, aided in my suit,
Shrubs of natures wild and blossoms of gaudy trim,
I gazed into the stream, nor bearing to meet thine eyes — behold, beneath the brim
Thine eyes reflected there.
I loved thee then, but youth knew love no more than I.
I felt that in due years time would be kind
And bring me thee for mine or in exchange a heart insensible of that love.
What now have I? the same
Heart that loved thee
When I came.

WANTED

Manuscripts: Articles of interest; essays; plays; poems, etc. Obscure talent now has a fine chance to make its public debut. Grasp the opportunity. "The next time" may be too late.

For lack of space we are forced to omit our "Platform" from this issue.

EDUCATION IN BUSINESS

Continued from Page 2

of the racegroup and naturally will affect their children, relatives and even their very future. Yet they persist not only in this foolhardy course, but in encouraging others to follow their nefarious example. They willingly become the tools and catspaw of men whose every effort is to repress the race regardless of the camouflaged means by which they seek to attain their object.

It is time that something be done to reeducate these so-called leaders. It is not necessary to single out any particular group, but we may refer specially to those who hold civic, ministerial and social service positions in the community. Something should be done to let them learn the disservice which they are doing to the race. Something should be done to induce them to start a serious and continuous campaign among the youth particularly of the community to establish ideals of enterprise and independence in their hearts and minds. Until this is done; until this ground work is laid there can be no real progress towards economic and commercial independence by members of our group.

There must be established schools and other organizations that will correctly train the ambitious man and woman in business methods. The present day business efforts and activities of the members of our group are generally puny and insignificant. When something is attempted on a large scale it is soon realized that ignorance, lack of training and lack of willingness to learn, retard all progress and ultimately lead to that ruin which has been the result, up to this day, of all real efforts towards commercial advancement. The youth should be made to realize that the future is not in the professions nor in the trades nor in the Church only, but in all lines of commercial activity. The field today is virgin for members of our group. But where are the teachers? Where are the organizations to train teachers? Finally where are the means to gain practical experience after the academic training has been given?

It is hardly to be expected that the great philanthropists and foundations of the other groups interested in education, whose funds have been derived mainly by commercial enterprise at the expense of others of our group whether in this country or in the foreign field, will do anything to inculcate that spirit of commercial enterprise in the minds of the youth of our group. They realize that the day we achieve ability in commerce, that day will see new orientation not only of life in this community but of life in the world in general. The day when the members of our race group and others allied with us decide to put an end to our commercial exploitation, by others of the dominant group, there will be a complete revolution in the general affairs of the world. This is already foreshadowed by the present depression and the efforts of all nations to attain self determination in commercial matters. It is a question of self preservation and self assertion. Our group has to join in this struggle regardless of the fact that it is dependent and helpless when it comes to legislation. We will have to legislate for ourselves among the members of our group regardless of the ideas of others. We must prepare ourselves to remove our economic chains. The other group removed our slave chains for us from our bodies. They will never remove the mental shackles which bind us to economic slavery and dependence. We have to accomplish this emancipation by ourselves without any assistance on the part of others. Let us apply ourselves conscientiously to this noble task as soon as possible.

ON WEST INDIAN COLONIZATION IN BRITISH GUIANA

Continued from page 3

also the undertaking on making Palestine a national homeland of the Jews, which has involved England in large and heavy financial commitments; and not long ago a substantial loan was made to Armenian settlers in Syria. And let us not forget the rather charitable undertaking of Great Britain and the League of Nations to settle 20,000 or more Assyrians, a fierce and predatory people, who are being liquidated by the Muhammadans in Iraq, in the Colony of British Guiana, on an area three times the size of Jamaica, in the Rupununi District.

Fortunately for all concerned, the proposal to settle the Assyrians has been abandoned. This makes it more opportune for us to approach the British Government with a request that the money which was to have been used to settle the Assyrians be used to colonize and settle West Indians in the same Colony.

We cannot conceive of an English government, be it Conservative, Liberal, Labour or National-Coalition, refusing to consider favourably a united appeal for assistance in such a constructive manner. As a matter of fact, if the Imperial Government were to make a gift of £5,000,000 to finance the settlement and colonization project it would not be doing too much for its West Indian subjects. It must be remembered that West Indian slave labour created the wealth of the Empire at a time when Canada was without status in the Empire, Australia a penal settlement for English criminals, South Africa the hunting-ground of the Boers, and the United States of America a backward country. The British West Indies, was for many years, the backbone of the Empire. It gave to the Empire all of its substance, and the time has come for the Empire to give back some of what it received more than 100 years ago.

It is lamentable that the Imperial Government has seen fit to treat the West Indies with such effective indifference. The colonies were useful and desirable when exploited by slave labour, but after Emancipation "coolie" and Portuguese labour was brought in, which forced the natives to seek a decent living in foreign countries. A grateful government would, at least, have undertaken, or encouraged, major projects for the economic development of the colonies. Are we to infer from the economic history of the West Indies that the coloured man was desirable as a slave and undesirable as a free man? No wonder Ragatz wrote "The Economic Decline of the West Indies."

The West Indian governments are also under a moral obligation to assist their people in foreign countries, because were it not for those of us who have come abroad and deposited and invested large amounts of money in the colonies for years, the economic development of those colonies, such as it has been, would not have been a fact.

The colonization and settlement of West Indians in the Colony of British Guiana would be a most profitable investment of British capital, be it a gift or loan, or a combination of both. Over-populated areas in the West Indies would be relieved, and West Indians abroad would be added to the West Indian population in the Homeland, which would increase purchasing power, and constitute a factor of production and consumption within the British Empire.

Fortunately for us, the people of British Guiana are anxiously awaiting West Indian colonists. The problem of the development of the Colony has been engaging the serious atten-

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MUSIC

NEW YORK

On Tuesday evening, June 25th, a rather unique and exquisite party was given at the Danceland, 322 West 125th Street, by the Carmen Shepperd School of Music, for its pupils. Invitations were limited to the mother and father of each pupil and a guest. A few close friends of the Shepperd family were also present.

The observer, on entering the hall, was greeted by a luxuriance seldom if ever witnessed in Harlem in connection with such functions. There was plenty of enjoyment for the children and an evening of recreation for the guests. Uniformed ushers plied here and there conducting each person to his or her proper reservation or offering service in some other form. Soft intermittent lights mingling with multi-colored balloons; muffled strains of music from the orchestra—now a waltz, a foxtrot or a one-step; decorations in miniature dolls gracing each guest's table; pupils (boys) in full evening dress and (girls) in mid-Victorian gowns; all aided in lending an atmosphere of beauty and romance.

There was no regular program; rather an evening of unrestrained pleasure. The signal to enter into this fiesta of early '90's quality (which was quite a novelty to many present) was at the end of a procession composed of pupils and guests led by Miss Shepperd and her father. As the evening wore on, refreshments were served to stimulate the animus.

The founder of this school which bears her name needs no introduction to the public. Miss Carmen Velma Shepperd is a distinguished musician, accomplished pianist and vocal artist. At the tender age of six, she began a musical career which subsequently gained for her many medals of the New York Music Week Association, extending to Radio broadcasts and which thru a chosen and well planned course of study, including four years of piano with Miss Myrtle Aldridge and four years of voice culture under the tutorship of Vere Richards (both teachers of Carnegie Hall) led eventually to the Institute of Musical Art of the Juilliard School of Music where she graduated in 1932 from the regular course, returning to pursue graduate work in the post-graduate department. Two years later she received two diplomas — the highest awarded by the Institute — the Teachers' and the Artists'. Miss Shepperd is now matriculated at Teachers College of Columbia University where she is majoring in music and music education.

Asked what her life's ambition was, the young musician, who is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David N. Shepperd, curling her lips into a cunning smile, answered: "Devotion, devotion to my work."

A list of the names of Miss Shepperd's pupils follows:

Pearl Atherton, Arlene Alveranga, Harold Belinfonte, Barbara Brown, Constance Brown, Frances Burrie, Marjorie Capehart, Elaine Campbell, Margaret Dickson, Lucille Dixon, E. Elliot Durant, Jr., Milton Eppse, Dorothy Fairclough, Gloria Ferguson, Roy Foote, Claire Gollop, George Hyde, Alvin Jamieson, Shirley Johnson, Gloria Johnson, Lawrence Jacobson, Pauline Lawrence, Arthur Lewis, Roger Lewis, Eleanor Lynch, Constance Lyte, Laurice McKoy, Emma McIntosh, Marcia McIntosh, Norma McIntosh, Constance Melbourne, Richard Melbourne, Jr., Marjorie Mullette, Barbara Mullette, Ruth Nash, Caroline Robbins, Una Radmond, Dorothy Reid, Harry Reid, Jr., Robert Richards, Helen Reynolds, Evelyn Ridley, Hazel Robinson, Grace Sampson, Claire Turner, Sylvia Walcott, Joyce Walford, Lillian Hyde.

LONG ISLAND

One of the most wonderful performances by children that one could desire to see was given by youngsters of Corona, Long Island, at the Good Citizen League Building in Flushing, Saturday, June 29th, by Miss Lucille Williams' dancing school. The lack of loss of time between acts, the precision with which these children executed their parts without mistakes was remarkable. And when it was found out that these children had only four months training, the writer was almost dumbfounded.

To Miss Williams who trained those kiddies goes a world of credit for such a wonderful performance. An example has been set for quick thorough training of youngsters which, if followed by teachers in every field, would create young men and women of remarkable ability.

Those taking part in this great performance deserve mentioning. They are:

Barbara Buchanan, Wilhemina Reid, Doris Stewart, Delores Van Buren, Miriam Murray, Rose Lawson, Josephine Galloway, Doris Dudley, Rose Gonzalez, Alice Perry, Mary Farly, Mary Johnson, Jean Dancey, Adele Lindsey, Barbara Johnson, Barbara Bolden, Jean Bolden, Barbara Thornton, Irene Daly, Carol Slaughter, Jean Shay, Regina Bailey, Olgy Battles, Cynthia Mitchell, Barbara Allen, Gwendolyn Williams, Dulcina Gonzalez, Amelia Johnson, Hilcary Black, Selma Heraldo, Elaine Graham, Elene White, Basil Stephen, Robert Woodward, 'Sonny' Timpson, Marie Sinkler, Cecil Taylor, Eugene Michaels.

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ETIQUETTE OF POLITE SOCIETY

From "Arrows of Gold"

The charm of good manners is not a qualification belonging to any particular station in life, for, to the poor and unlettered oftimes may be traced deeds and actions that mark them as nature's noblemen. Education, wealth and social station do not always confer them, but the outer grace may be acquired by all.

In this way it has come to be known that a refinement of laws in any country indicates that a gradual refinement of manners has led up towards, and fully crystallized into a refinement of the hearts and the laws of the people. It has long been a proverb that "manners make the man." There is a truth in the saying in the truth which is universally recognized and admitted. According to the manners, we give to others the character of the true lady or the true gentleman . . . .

Manners with some, are the gracious legacy of inheritance, education and environment; with others they are the growth of the careful cultivation of years, and carry with them the calm self-poise of the man who has conquered circumstances and established his own position. In such as these there inheres a certain power that impresses itself upon all who come in contact with its influence.

The self-possession and certainty stamped upon the face of a man who inherited, or won for himself, the sure and perfect armor of good-breeding, is but the outer stamp of the man himself.

Good manners are profitable as well as pleasant. They carry with them a measureless weight of influence. A gentleman once brought into his library a costly subscription book. "My dear," said his wife, "you already have a copy of the work." "I knew I did," he replied, "but the manners of this lad who sold it were so elegant that it was a pleasure to purchase it."

LIFE ON A PLANTATION

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Continued from Page 4

"Jim is thinking 'bout somethin', son," Sally answered, smiling. "The Browns was over heah to say good-bye to you an' when they left, Mr. Brown tol' Jim something 'bout a new way to mix bran fo' fattenin' hogs; so he's tryin' to remembah it."

The first two years that Bill attended College were uneventful so far as trouble was concerned. He returned home each summer at the end of the school year and assisted his father with the farm work as usual. During the third year, dark clouds descended. The depression struck the community with cyclonic force. Prices were slashed alarmingly and the inhabitants were frightened and discouraged. Jim was sorely pressed and troubled. The money he realized from his share of the products was insufficient to pay his bills accumulated during the year, and to buy fertilizer for the coming year. He was non-plused indeed when he thought about Bill.

One night in late February Sally and he sat steeped in troublesome meditation. They had just received a letter from Bill asking for $150.00, the amount needed to complete the year, along with the work he did. An idea suddenly struck Sally. "Jim, we got one chance," she said with enthusiasm.

"What's that?"

"Go to Mr. Hinkins and ask him to take a note fo' th' money on th' hosses. They is worth fo' times mor'n that, but that's about all he'll give."

"Spoen we loses our hosses Sally," protested Jim; "then what's we goin' t' do?"

"You do like I tells you, Jim," Sally said imperatively. "It means ouah boy finishes this year an' mos' likely sompn will turn up fo' next year."

Maxwell Hinkins knew that Jim's horses (for which he had paid $500.00 three years before) were second to none on the plantation; so he readily took a note on them, the amount to be repaid within sixteen months.

At the close of the school year Jim received a letter from Bill saying that he would remain at the College for the summer, having obtained a job that would defray his expenses for his senior year. Sally and he were jubilant at the news.

"Thank God, our boy will finish his schoolin' now," Sally said fervently, concealing her fears of their future.

"Shore will be good to see him a finished College man," Jim added proudly, but apprehensiveness for themselves was discernible in his brooding expression.

Noticing this, Sally sought to dispell his fears.

"We'll have a good crop this year, Jim; we kin pay off ouah note an' own ouah hosses agin; an' we ain't got to help Bill none this year," she smiled optimistically.

"Hope you is right, Sally," Jim said earnestly.

Fate again was unkind to the tenants at the end of the year. The crops were good but the prices were lower than before. Jim was practically penniless by the spring. Sally's enthusiasm was dampened considerably when late in May they received an invitation from Bill to attend his graduation exercises.

"Shore wish we could go," she said wistfully, "but I knows he'll do us proud just the same."

Jim had managed to get a few bags of fertilizer on credit and had stretched them sparingly over his land. He would have a fair crop if only he could keep his horses. His note expired in a few days and if Maxwell Hinkins so desired, he could claim the horses, leaving Jim in a sore plight.

A week later Jim came in from the fields at sundown to find Samuel Brown awaiting him near the barn.

"How you do, Mr. Brown?" he greeted Sam genially. "I ain't seen you in some time."

"I come fo' my hosses, Jim." Sam said laconically.

"Ouah hosses?" Jim exclaimed in surprise.

"That's what I say," Sam said gloatingly. He reached in his overalls pocket and withdrew Jim's note. Waving it under Jim's nose he said sneeringly: "Ef you kin pay this heah, plus interest, the hosses is still yourn. Ef you can't, ah've paid it awready, an' they's mine. Kin you pay it now?"

"No, I can't pay it now," Jim stammered.

"Well, they's mine," Sam smirched.

Jim was dumb-founded as he unhitched the horses.

"It pays to listen to a wise man sometimes," Sam admonished as he started away, leading the horses.

"Just a moment, Mr. Brown."

Sam and Jim turned. Bill was standing near them with his arms around his mother.

"You can have the furniture in there, too," he motioned toward the house, "if you want it; my parents won't need it, nor the horses anymore."

"What's you sayin' son?" Jim asked puzzled.

"That you and mother are going to live with me from now on. I'm assistant professor of Agriculture at the College, and I have a furnished house on the campus. I'd be lost in it if mother and you weren't there."

Bill placed his arms around his mother and father and turning their backs upon the stupefied Sam, all three walked happily away.

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ON WEST INDIAN COLONIZATION IN BRITISH GUIANA

Continued from page 6

tion of the people and Government for many years, and we understand that since the proposed settlement of Assyrians has been dropped, the Government of that Colony has approached the Imperial government with a view to the settlement of West Indians in the place of the Assyrians.

The WEST INDIAN COMMUNITIES' DEVELOPMENT LEAGUE proposes:

1. To use every legitimate means available to unite West Indians at home and abroad for the purpose of embarking upon a colonization and settlement scheme in the Colony of British Guiana;
2. To urge upon the British Government the necessity of undertaking the construction of roads, railroads, hydro-electric plants and other primary projects so as to attract labour to the Colony to exploit its natural resources;
2. To request of the British and Colonial Governments that a sum sufficient to undertake the colonization and settlement of British West Indians in the Colony of British Guiana, under such conditions as are necessary to establish a colony with adequate means of subsistence, be provided;
3. That a mission of competent West Indians be sent from the United States to British Guiana for the purpose of making a study on the spot of the whole question of the settlement of West Indians in the Colony;
4. To call for the registration of all able-bodied West Indian men and women in the United States, Cuba, Panama, and other Central American countries, and the British West Indies, in order to determine the number of persons willing to migrate, if and when an adequate scheme of colonization receives the approval and financial support of the British and Colonial Governments.

The foregoing is the programme of the League, which all British West Indians are called upon, in their own interest, to support. The future of the League's efforts depends upon them. West Indians, awake! Fight for your rights!! and endeavour to inherit, at least, a small part of the earth.

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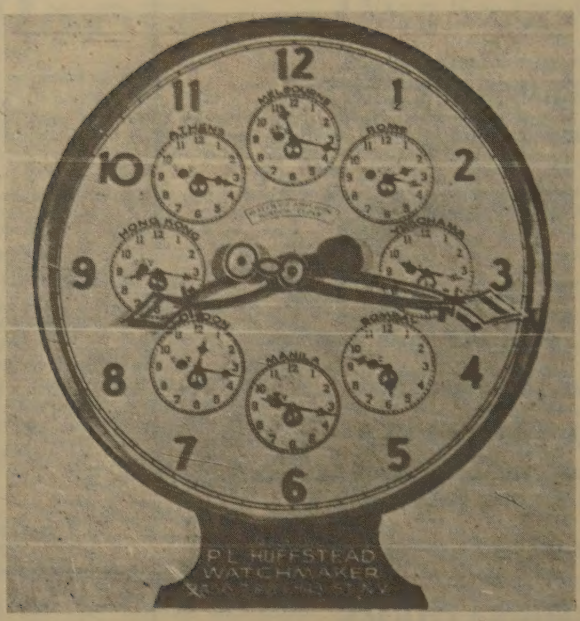

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